



It Pays to Advertise in the Rising Son for it Reaches More Homes of Colored People than any other Paper in the State.

VOLUME X.

KANSAS CITY MO., FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 1905.

NUMBER 24



LEW DOCKSTADER.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS AT THE GRAND NEXT WEEK.

The finale of the first part is a new and striking patriotic anthem, "The Heaven Born Banner," which bids fair to become one of the National airs. During the song a number of picturesque tableaux, illustrative of the most important events in American history, will be introduced.

In the second part, besides Mr. Dockstader's specialties, which have already been referred to, will be seen a new and original song and dance called "Among the Vines," specially devised and produced for Mr. Dockstader by Barney Fagan. It will be executed by a phalanx of twenty dancers, led by Carroll Johnson and Manuel Romain, and including Tommy Hyde, Leighton and Leighton, the Foley Brothers, Billy Cawley, John Daly, Max Scheck, Joseph Lestrangle, and others. Glimpses of the various styles of clog and soft shoe dancing will be seen during this act.

Neil O'Brien, whose street car satire was so popular last season, will introduce a farcical skit on department stores, in which he will show the troubles of the modern floor walker.

The Dockstader octette will sing some of the songs of the older American composers, including those of Stephen C. Foster. The entertainment will close with an atmosphere picture of Southern life written by Mr. Dockstader, and called "Moses." This is a spectacle of rare beauty, full of humor and pathos. Scenically, it is superb, introducing as it does, the most realistic storm scene that has ever been presented in a theater.

The wife of a man who parts his hair in the middle is reasonably sure to be the better two-thirds of the combine.

The entertainment entitled "Juvenile Specialties" given at Arlington Hall, Sept. 22, 1905, for the benefit of St. Augustine Mission was a grand success. The net profit being \$165.10.

Secret of Happiness.

Bounder—You seem to be remarkably happy since your marriage. What's the explanation?

Rounder—My wife is a firm believer in fairy stories.

His Reason.

When Willie jumped from his seat on the street car and gave it to the gentleman who had been hanging to the strap, it filled us with pride.

"You are a perfect little gentleman, Willie," we said. "It was fine of you to give your seat to the gentleman."

"Huh!" exclaimed Willie. "I ain't give it to him 'cause o' that. Seein' him holdin' on to that strap reminded me to much o' what happened last night when I got home after playin' hookey in th' afternoon."

A FEW HINTS TO LADIES ON THE ART OF DRESSING WELL.

Mrs. Mamie Devaul Vincent has opened her school of dress making and ladies tailoring at 1228 Walnut street for the benefit of our girls and ladies and hope to have a large enrollment this year. The opportunity has never before presented itself to our people in Kansas City. Madam Vincent most cordially invite all her friends and acquaintances to visit and inspect the work being done. First class work is strictly guaranteed. g. 2eSMOlarA2sor-A'e... m m mm

For several years past Kansas City has been rid of Negro fake newspapers. Very recently, however, one has been launched forth by several would-be journalists and placed in the hands of H. M. Harris who operated in Joplin several years ago where he had the lid put on him. He came to this city recently and is alleged solicited money from some of our white business men to go to New York to represent Kansas City at the Convention of the Negro Business League. He says that the train which he started on got wrecked and he had to return without doing the "representing" act. The Rising Son wishes to advise that in its opinion this individual does not represent the Negro.

The less polish a man has the more reflections he is apt to cast. Don't give your friends indigestion by trying to poke people you like down their throats.

When a thunderstorm comes up rain usually comes down.

It takes a man with sense to make a dollar go a long way.

Love may be blind, but unfortunately it's neither deaf nor dumb.

In covering up his tracks a man often makes a lot more while doing it.

Wise men admire clever women, but it is usually the silly ones they marry.

One way to acquire knowledge of human nature is to lend your friends money.

If wishes were automobiles beggars would be arrested for exceeding the speed limit.

But few people realize the fact that experience is a good teacher until after they get too old to learn.

Our idea of an ingrate is a man who refuses to laugh at the stories of another man who is paying for his dinner.

A married woman's idea of a genuine hero is a man who hands his pay envelope over to his wife every week unopened.

Father Gonpon Has Shaved.

Father Gonpon, of St. Petersburg, is reported to be greatly changed in his appearance, his long, luxuriant chestnut hair and flowing beard having been shorn. He is now clean shaven except for a small, bristly mustache. His hair is cropped close, like a prize-fighter's; his complexion is pale and sallow, his health delicate and his eyes bright and feverish. He is reported to be studying French and watching events.

Iron Nerve.

"Ma," said the little boy, rushing in the kitchen, "Mrs. Prune next door wants to borrow your flatirons. Says she wants to throw them at a cat."

"The nerve of it," replied his mother. "But that ain't the worst of it, ma."

"What else?"

"It is our cat that she wants to throw them at."

Doubtful Remark.

Dolly—And when our auto was speeding like the wind, just to think of his proposing to me!

Dorothy—I'm not surprised. They say running an automobile makes a man reckless.

Cheep! Cheep!

"I declare," remarked the duck, "if that little chick isn't trying to talk already but it doesn't amount to much."

"No," replied the young rooster, scornfully, "all his talk is 'cheep.'"

Often the Case.

"Poor Smallpay's marriage has proved an utter failure." "What's the matter? Couldn't he support his wife in the style she had been accustomed to?" "Yes; but he couldn't support her in the style she had been accustomed to read about in trashy novels."

Violent Motions.

"One of those deaf mutes is trying to strike the other," said a bystander, excitedly.

"No, he isn't," explained the policeman, "he talks with his hands, and is only using a little strong language."—Detroit Free Press.

The Difference.

He—Of course, there's a big difference between a botanist and a florist. She—Is there, really?

He—Yes; a botanist is one who knows all about flowers and the florist is one who knows all about the prices people will pay.

Has Something to Look Up To.

"N. Peck is eight inches shorter than his wife."

"I suppose he doesn't like it very well, does he?"

"Oh, he doesn't mind it much. He says he prefers to take his higher criticism that way."

Citman—Did you lost much by the fire out at your house?

Subbubs—Two quarts of good old Scotch whisky.

Citman—Was that all?

Subbubs—Yes, you see, only about hal' of our volunteer fire company got there.

Washington Star: "Have you never given any thought to what posterity will say about you?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum; "I long ago arrived at the conclusion that posterity cannot make you as much trouble as one of your next-door neighbors."

A man across the river has run away from his wife because an expected infant proved to be twins. Let him keep out of Mr. Roosevelt's path while Mr. Roosevelt is wearing his repeating rifle, that's all.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Canaries, English sparrows and parrots are the only birds whose songs are fully satisfying, and a very little of them will give more than full satisfaction.

The Strangest Flag.

The strangest flag under which man ever fought is that of the Macedonian insurgents. It is red on one side and black on the other.

When Love takes up the harp of life the neighbors still complain because the airs are all sentimental.

There are a lot of things that a man would not want half so much if he thought there was any chance of getting them.

When a girl has a corn that causes her to limp she always apologizes by saying she must have twisted her ankle.

A man in public life can't make people believe he is honest even by going to church every Sunday.

Taxing bachelors may not boost the matrimonial game, but it is apt to encourage emigration.

After reciting "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" at school a girl imagines she is a born elocutionist.

A man's bump of imagination must be well developed to enable him to write an interesting love letter.

Even an old man can win a woman's love and keep it, if he isn't jealous.

When the devil cannot arrive in time he sends a woman on before him.

What the world needs is more workers and fewer dreamers.

Even a small balance in the bank indicates a well-balanced man.

A polished gentleman isn't necessarily a smooth article.

Edible Seaweed.

It is not a little astonishing to find what a number of seaweeds are really edible and nourishing, says The Lancet. Perhaps the best known example in this country is laver, which is a kind of stew made from a weed, an alga. The laver made on the Devonshire coast and to be found in some London shops is excellent.

Hold Farm Since 1300.

Recently the stock was sold on a farm in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, which had been held by a family named Moffat since the year 1300, when King Robert Bruce made a grant of the land to the Moffats. They held it for 300 years as owners, and the rest of the time as tenants of the Dukes of Buccleuch.

Commit Sport by Proxy.

"Vandal," a well known writer on sports, said in a recent issue of the London Express: "The sports of this country are absolutely rotten—unsound to the core. This nation is no longer a nation of sportsmen. It is a nation of odds-taking people who commit sport by proxy."

Self-Winding Alarm Clock.

Joseph Blythe, a resident of Chester, Pa., has recently obtained a patent on a self-winding alarm clock, which is said to have several very novel features. The winding is done by electricity and when once set will ring every day at the same hour if desired.

Kipling as Critic.

Here is Rudyard Kipling's advice to an author who submitted a story for his criticism: "Tear out second chapter and scatter broadcast. Change name of hero and name of story; then get down to business and rewrite the whole thing."—Atlanta Constitution.

Black Rot in Cabbage.

Soaking the seed for fifteen minutes in a 1:1000 corrosive sublimate solution or in a 0.4 per cent formalin solution just before planting is suggested as a cheap and effective means of destroying the germs upon the seed.

Firemen Start a Blaze.

When the volunteer fire department of Tunbridge Wells, England, was on parade a spark from one of the engines set fire to a haystack, and the fire burned itself out, for the volunteers proved unable to extinguish it.

Many Schools in Hong Kong.

For its size Hong Kong has an enormous number of schools. The population of the island is about 330,000 and there are over 100 schools, the great majority of which are under government supervision.

Church in Farmyard.

Few more curious places for a church could be found than one at Southham Delabere, Eng., which stands in the middle of a farmyard. The only means of entrance is by passing through the yard.

Ill-Timed Wit.

"Did he leave you anything when he died?" "I asked of the fatherless girl, who cried, 'Oh, yes, he did.' And I questioned her." "What was it?" "He left me an orphan, sir!" —Chester Leader.

Girls' Best Safeguard.

Let us teach our daughters that life is not only tennis and parties. Let us endow them with the best of insurance—a profession at their fingers' ends.—Woman.

Pills Cause Peritonitis.

Death from peritonitis, due to excessive taking of pills, was stated to be the cause of a woman's death at a Bristol (England) inquest.

British Railroads Well Manned.

American railroads have six employees for every mile of track and the British roads have twenty-eight.

Income of Oxford College.

The income of Oxford University is slightly under \$350,000 a year.

HEN WILSON IN TROUBLE.

Scandal Disturbs Serenity of Inhabitants of Bingley.

It is rumored on reliable authority that Hen Wilson has left his wife again owing to some marital trouble between them. This is not the first time Hen and Sary Ann have had marital trouble. The last time before this Sary Ann struck Hen with a rolling pin above the left eye and he went out of the house and did not return for several weeks. Some says he went to the Co. seat and spent most of his time in a hospital. Finally he returned home a sadder and wiser man and Hen and Sary Ann made up again and started out together to try to live a different life with the dove of peace perched above their hearthstone, as you might say.

But now ruction swift and terrible has broken out in their midst again. We got this straight or we wouldn't say anything about it in print. Mrs. Wilson herself told Mrs. Caroline Hooper that Hen had left home followed by all the cooking utensils in the kitchen. Mrs. Hooper told it to Ben Wade's wife and Ben Wade's wife told it to Mrs. Widow Henderson who told us.

Sary Ann has a quick temper and when she gets mad there seems to be nothing else to do but for Hen to dig out for a while and wait until the clouds roll by. What the trouble was this time that Hen went right into the house like a dumb fool and set himself down on a new sofa pillow which Mrs. Wilson had just finished. Mrs. Wilson stated that Hen might think that sofa pillows were made to sit on, but he was mistaken. Hen's whereabouts is at present unknown—"Bingley Bugle Items" in the Boston Post.

ARTIST MEET HER IDOL.

John Ruskin's Self Introduction to His Admirer.

The London Outlook tells a pretty story of the late John Ruskin, artist, author, reformer, which shows that courtly and chivalric gentleman and great writer in a playful mood.

Mr. Ruskin was taking a morning walk down the road just in front of Brantwood, when he saw a lady seated on a campstool making a sketch of the house, and, with a courteous trace which was intensely his own, he addressed her, inquiring her reason for choosing the house in question for her subject.

"It is the house of the famous John Ruskin," she frankly asked.

"Have you met Ruskin?" she asked.

"No, indeed," she replied. "If I had I would have deemed it one of the greatest privileges of my life."

"Then, madam, if you care to follow me, I will show him to you."

In a twinkling the stool and easel were packed up and the artist eagerly followed the guide. To her surprise and gratification, he led her up to the house, and, entering, bade his guest follow, which she readily did. On reaching the stranger into the drawing room, then, placing his back to the fireplace, a familiar attitude, he exclaimed, to the amazement of his companion:

"Now, what do you think of Ruskin?"

From "The Grammar."

He who hath lost him over the dead tree the first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead.

And he who hath lost him over the dead tree the first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead.

And he who hath lost him over the dead tree the first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead.

And he who hath lost him over the dead tree the first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead.

And he who hath lost him over the dead tree the first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead.

And he who hath lost him over the dead tree the first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead.

And he who hath lost him over the dead tree the first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead.

And he who hath lost him over the dead tree the first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead.

And he who hath lost him over the dead tree the first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead.

And he who hath lost him over the dead tree the first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead.

And he who hath lost him over the dead tree the first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead. The first day of death is dead.

LINCOLN INSTITUTE NOTES.

The first term of the scholastic year, 1905-6, has thus far (three weeks) proved a record-breaker.

The enrollment to date, October 9th, is three hundred and thirty-one, and every day adds to the rapidly increasing number. Already it is necessary to divide classes because of their size and soon it will be necessary to make subdivisions.

Students are here from the Pacific Coast on the West Gulf of Mexico on the South, and the Great Lakes on the North. The College Department has enrolled a larger number than usual and all of the industries are over crowded.

Summer school students are sending in letters from various points, telling how much was gained in methods of teaching and subject matters; that they have been able to secure better positions with higher salaries because of the work accomplished during the seven weeks' course in Lincoln Institute.

Graduates of the institution are constantly in demand to fill excellent positions both within and without the state; and President Allen, who takes great pleasure in looking after their welfare, and who is always hunting them up, has been able to secure good positions for nearly or quite all of the graduates of the last three years, who have desired to teach.

The football team is getting in shape for its annual triumphs on the grid-iron; meanwhile the young ladies are enjoying exercises through croquet and other games of the campus. The psychology of the new education recognizes the fact that "All work and no play" is, to say the least, injurious.

Mr. W. H. Grishaw, author of "A History of Freemasonry among the colored people in North America, and to whom an appeal was made in a recent controversy between the Grand Lodges of Iowa and Missouri is the distinguished father of Miss Mary E. Grishaw, the talented head of the sewing department of Lincoln Institute.

The many friends of the institutions will read with great pleasure, the article in the October number of the Missouri School Journal, "The Missouri School System," in which occurs the following well-merited testimonial:

"Lincoln Institute is a college, normal school and industrial institute all in one. It is not to be surpassed by Tuskegee or Hampton in industrial features, although it is not advertised nearly so much. It is supported by the state and does not have the appeal to the charitably inclined for support.

There is no good reason for exploiting its merits. Too many students from other states seek admission now."

It Did.

"This watch will work like a charm," said the dealer. "And it will cost you but a dollar."

We paid the dollar.

By the way; did you ever see a charm that kept time?

The dealer was correct, and we have no complaint to make.

The watch worked like a charm—exactly like a charm.

"Papa," he said one day, "sailors must be awful small men."

"Why do you think so?" asked his father.

"Because," answered Harry, "I read in the papers about one who went to sleep on his watch."

When a man declares he is out of politics he doesn't always stop to explain why.

Men often miss opportunity's knock because they are themselves so busy "knocking."

The heaviest collection place doesn't always indicate the most religion.

Very often a dog runs as fast as he can, and the rabbit gets away.